

T H E
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF
APT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES,
AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED
To engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,
and inculcate VERTUE, in

THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY

The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,
From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

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MASTERS.**

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GO UP BALD HEAD!

THE LITTLE GLEANER.





AH, POOR TITTY!

SINGING birds! Who'll buy my
singing birds!

Such was the cry one morning, of
a man who pass'd the house of El-
canor's papa. She heard him, and
that moment running towards the
window, eagerly look'd up and down
the street. He was a bird-man, and had
got a cage quite full of what he dealt
in, slung behind his back. The little
birds hopp'd up and down, so mer-

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rily, from perch to perch, and sung such pretty tunes, that Eleanor, thro' eagerness, had almost tumbled out of window, while she stretch'd her neck to view the little things, as nearly as she could.

My little lady, said the Merchant, will you buy a singing bird?

Perhaps I may, said she, If I can get permission: so pray stay a little, while I go and ask papa.

The bird-man promis'd her he would. There was a pitching block, just opposite the house, to which he went, and putting down his burthen, waited by it till the little lady should return. This last had in the interim got to her Papa's apartment; and ran in quite out of breath. Come, come,

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Papa, said she, come hither quickly!
—come, come, come. And what's
the matter? answer'd Mr. Stanhope.

ELEANOR.

There's a man I've stopp'd as he
was going by the door, sells singing-
birds. He has above a hundred, I
believe, behind him; a great cage,
quite full.

Mr. STANHOPE.

And what's all this to you?

ELEANOR.

To say the truth, I shall be glad,
Papa, I mean if you permit me,—
glad to buy one.

Mr. STANHOPE.

And the money?

ELEANOR.

O, I have it in my purse.

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MR. STANHOPE.

And who's to feed it?

ELEANOR.

I, Papa: I'll feed it. You shall see I will. I'm sure the bird I buy will be exceeding happy to be mine.

MR. STANHOPE.

But Eleanor, I'm very much afraid—

ELEANOR.

Of what, Papa?

MR. STANHOPE.

You'll let it die of thirst or hunger.

ELEANOR.

I, Papa, do so? Not I indeed. I'll never eat my breakfast till I've given him his.

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Mr. STANHOPE.

Depend upon it, Eleanor, you'll one time or another happen to neglect it : and you need neglect it only for a day, to kill it.

Eleanor however made her good papa such promises, and kiss'd him so affectionately, that at last he yielded to the little girl's request, and while she pull'd him by the waistcoat flap, went with her.

He was got into the street by this time, and having hold of Eleanor's left hand, who would not wait the bird-man's coming over, as he meant to do, they reach'd the cage, and chose the finest cock Canary of the dovey : 'twas a yellow one, and had little tuft of feathers on its crown.

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Who now was half so happy as Miss Eleanor? she took her purse out, paid the Merchant; and her father bought a handsome cage to lodge him, with a chrystal fountain, which he gave her as a present.

Eleanor no sooner had install'd the little creature in his palace, then she went thro' all the apartments in the house, and got her mother and her sister, with the servants all together, showing them the bird. Whenever any of her little friends and playmates came upon a visit to her, the first words she utter'd were: And do you know I've bought the handsomest Canary bird in London? He's quite yellow, with a little tuft of feathers

on

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on his head as black as jet. Come, come up stairs, and see him! he's a cock! his name is Titty.

Titty was exceedingly well off thro' Eleanor's attention to him. When she rose, it was her first concern to fill his trough up with fresh feed, and give him other water; when at table any thing was brought that Titty possibly might like, his share was first allotted. She had always lumps of sugar for him, and the cage was constantly supplied with groundsword, gather'd for the purpose. Titty did not show himself ungrateful for such kindness: he could soon distinguish Eleanor from other little ladies. When she enter'd the apartment where he was, he'd flutter.

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ter in his cage, on that side nearest to her, and cry *queek, queek queek*. His mistress was transported at the thought of his affection, and devour'd him, as it were, with kisses.

Titty in a week or thereabouts had learnt to sing. The airs he twittered were entirely of his own invention. Sometimes he would quaver out a note so long, one would have thought he must expire for want of breath before he clos'd it. Notwithstanding, after having stopp'd a minute, he would recommence his music in a manner much more masterly, and with a tone so clear and piercing, that the very servants in the kitchen heard him.

Elcanor would pass whole hours to

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gether, listening to him, while she work'd beside his cage. She frequently let fall her work, that she might eye him more attentively, and as it often happen'd, after he had charm'd her with a pretty piece of music, she in turn would charm him likewise with an air upon her spinnet, which he, afterward, endeavour'd to repeat.

Eleanor however by degrees became accusom'd to this sort of entertainment. She had seen a book of fine engravings at her uncle's, and express'd a wish to have it, which he could not but comply with. She was now so much employ'd in looking at the pictures, that her favourite was a

12 AH! POOR TITTY!

little, (though not much) neglected. *Queek! queek! queek!* as usual, was his note, whenever he beheld his little mistress; but his little mistress now took much less notice of him, than she had done.

He had now been in the house about a fortnight, and was forc'd to do without his groundsword. He repeated all the modulations she had taught him, and invented others for her entertainment: but his complaisance was useless. Eleanor had other matters in her head at present.

It was very shortly after this her birth-day, and her God-papa had sent home a doll, that moved about on wheels. This doll that she had christen'd Columbine, put Titty's nose

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quite out of joint. As soon as she got up, and till she went to bed, she was employ'd in dressing and undressing her sweet dear Miss Columbine, and talking to her. The poor little bird was, notwithstanding very happy, when towards night the servant let him have fresh victuals.

Sometimes they neglected serving him for four and twenty hours together.

But at last, one day, when Mr. Stanhope was at dinner, turning accidentally towards Titty's cage, he thought the bird was lying flat upon his belly, and indeed was in the right. He got upon a chair, and saw poor Titty could scarce breath. His feathers all stood out like bristles, and he

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seem'd quite gather'd up into a heap. No more now of those loving *queek, queek, queeks* he used to utter! the poor creature was just dying.

Eleanor, said Mr. Stanhope, what's the matter with your bird?—she colour'd.—I, I, I, forgot, Papa, said she; and in a fright, ran out to fetch the victuals.

In the interim, Mr. Stanhope had unhung the cage and look'd into the trough and fountain. Would one think it!—Titty had not got a single grain of seed! a single drop of water!

Ah poor thing, said Mr. Stanhope, thou hast got into unfeeling hands indeed! had I foreseen as much as this, I never would have bought thee.—

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All the company at table rose, and sorrowfully join'd in Mr. Stanhope's exclamation of *Alas! poor Titty!*

Mr. Stanhope fill'd the trough and fountain with fresh feed and water, and at last altho' with difficulty, brought poor Titty back to life.

The little girl, upon a token from her father, left the room in tears, and went up stairs into her chamber. On the morrow, Mr. Stanhope bade a servant take the bird and leave it at a neighbour's, to whose son, a very careful youth, and one who would be sure to tend it with much more attention than the naughty Eleanor, he meant to make a present of it.

'Twould have been worth while to

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see the little girl's distress, and hear her lamentations, as they made some small atonement for her past misconduct. Oh, my poor sweet bird! my pretty Titty! she began. Dear good Papa, I promise I will never for the time to come, forget to feed him; never while I live. Indeed you may believe me. Let me keep him then, to show how good I'll be in future.

Mr. Stanhope was, at last, persuaded by the tears and prayers of Eleanor, to countermand his order relative to Titty: but he did not yield without a serious reprimand and earnest exhortations for her future conduct. This poor bird, said he, I need not tell you, is shut up and cannot get at what he wants himself. When

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you have need of any thing, you say so; but the little Titty cannot make his language understood. If ever you should suffer him again to want for food or water—

At these words, a flood of tears again ran down the cheeks of Eleanor. She grasp'd her father's hand, affectionately kiss'd it, and wou'd fain have spoke, but sorrow hinder'd her.

Well now must we suppose her once more mistress of the little Titty, and the little Titty reconciled sincerely to his mistress.

Mr. Stanhope, three weeks after this was unexpectedly obliged to go a journey of some days with Mrs. Stanhope. Eleanor, said he, at setting out, I charge you, take the greatest

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care you can of Titty in our absence.

Hardly had the coach drove off, but Eleanor had got to Titty's cage, and carefully was set about providing every thing he wanted.

Some hours after, she began to find the time a little tedious; so she sent to certain of her playmates in the neighbourhood, desiring they would come and see her. When they came, she took a walk in the adjoining meadows with them; after, play'd at blind-man's buff, hot cockles, and the like, and then would have a dance. At last, the little company broke up, as it was very late, and Eleanor quite tir'd was put to bed.

She 'woke next morning, when

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'twas hardly light, and what she thought of first was her amusement of the evening. After she was up, had but her maid permitted it, she would herself have visited the little ladies she had parted with the night before; but was oblig'd to stay till after dinner. Dinner was scarce over, when she went.

And Titty? — He, poor thing! was forc'd to mope at home and fast.

The next day also pass'd in pleasure like the first.

And Titty? — Eleanor again forgot him.

On the following day, 'twas still diversion: nothing else would do for Eleanor.

And Titty? — Who would think of him in so much entertainment?

Mr. Stanhope and his wife return'd on the succeeding day quite unexpectedly for Eleanor; and having kiss'd her, added, Well, and how fares little Titty?

O, quite well, said Eleanor, surpriz'd a little at the question; and that instant, ran up stairs to fetch the cage.

Alas! poor Titty was stone-dead: he lay upon his back; his wings were open, and his beak not shut.

The sight confounded Eleanor: she gave a shriek, and wrung her hands. The family came up, and found the reason of her shrieking.

Ah poor bird! said Mr. Stanhope;

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thou hast undergone a painful death indeed. If I had twisted off thy head at setting out, thou wouldst have suffer'd then but for a moment, and not felt, for several days together, the excruciating pain of thirst and hunger, and expir'd in long and cruel agonies. However thou art happy now, in being freed at last from such a cruel keeper.

Eleanor would have been glad to sink into the floor; no wonder, therefore, if we say she would have parted chearfully with all her play-things to bring Titty back to life: but this was to no purpose.

Mr. Stanhope took the bird, and having stuff'd it, order'd it should henceforth be suspended from the cieling in his common eating parlour.

Eleanor durst never lift her eyes up to it. When by chance she saw it, she would fall a weeping, and beseech her father to remove it.

Mr. Stanhope did not change his resolution without many weeks' intreaty from the little girl; and even after he had chang'd it, and remov'd the bird, yet still, whenever Eleanor committed any fault through volatility, or inadvertence, Titty was again suspended from the cieling, and the people of the house instructed every now and then to twit her with this observation: *Ah poor Titty! what a cruel death did'st thou not suffer!*

T H E

C H I L D R E N

THEIR OWN MASTERS.

Mr. FREEMAN; CASIMIR and
SELIMA, *his two children.*

CASIMIR.

How I wish I were as big—as big,
Papa, as you!

Mr. FREEMAN.

Why so? I should be glad to learn
our reason.

CASIMIR.

Why, because in that case, no one could command me ; so that I might do whatever came into my head.

MR. FREEMAN.

I fancy, Casimir, you think you would do wonders then ?

CASIMIR.

Yes, that I would indeed !

MR. FREEMAN.

And you too, Selima, pray would it give you any pleasure, might you do whatever you thought proper ?

SELIMA.

O how happy it would make me !

CASIMIR.

Were but Selima and I for one day masters !

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Mr. FREEMAN.

Well, my children, I can give you both this satisfaction: therefore, from to-morrow morning, you shall be at liberty to do what you think proper.

SELIMA.

Ah! you're joking with us?

Mr. FREEMAN.

No: I never spoke more seriously. To-morrow, neither from your mother, nor from me, nor any one in sort about you, shall you hear a word, whatever you may like to do, contradiction or denial.

CASIMIR.

Shan't we? Oh what pleasure we'll have then!

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Mr. FREEMAN.

And what's more, I don't design you shall enjoy this liberty to-morrow only. You shall both be masters of yourselves, till of your own accord you come and beg me to resume the authority I mean to part with. 'Twill be long enough before this happens! won't it?

SELIMA.

That you may be sure of.

Mr. FREEMAN.

I, for my part, shall be glad to see how well you can command yourselves. So don't forget, I charge you, what important people you appear to-morrow.

Well, the morrow came. Casimir and Selima, who constant

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had hitherto been us'd to rise at seven, were both in bed at ten, or near it. For much sleep, instead of resting, makes us dull and heavy; and this happen'd to the children. When they woke however, they got up delighted with the thought of doing, all that day, and every day in future, just what they thought proper.

CASIMIR.

Come, when they had breakfasted, says Casimir to Selima, what shall we begin with?

SELIMA.

Why we'll play.

CASIMIR.

Yes; that we will for certain; but
But what?

18 *THE CHILDREN.*

SELIMA.

Suppose we take the cards, and build up houses?

CASIMIR.

That's a mopish game indeed! No no. I'll build no houses.

SELIMA.

Will you play at blind-man's-buff then?

CASIMIR.

We are only two, you know.

SELIMA.

At drafts, or push-pin, if you like it?

CASIMIR.

But, you know, I never could endure such games as make one sit so long.

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SELIMA.

Well tell me any game you chuse yourself.

CASIMIR.

We'll play at leap-frog then.

SELIMA.

O yes indeed! a very pretty game for ladies!

CASIMIR.

True; and therefore, if you please, we'll play at horses; you shall be the horse, and I the driver.

SELIMA.

And you'll cut me with your whip again, in that case, as you did last week. I've not forgot that yet.

CASIMIR.

Because you'll never go a gallop.

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SELIMA.

But you meant to hurt me. No, I'll never be your horse again.

CASIMIR.

You wont?—Well stay then.—O! we'll have a hunt. Be you the deer, and I'll run after you.—Set off.—I start you.

SELIMA.

Out upon your hunt! You're always treading on my heels, and thrusting both your fists into my side.

CASIMIR.

I see you'll not chuse any game I like; and so, I'll never play in future with you. Do you hear that, Miss.

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SELIMA.

Nor I with you, Sir. Do you hear *that*, master?

At these words, they both withdrew into a separate corner of the chamber, from the middle where they had been standing, and were so affronted, that they would not speak or look for some time at each other.

They continued in their sulks till unexpectedly they heard the clock. They had but three hours left till dinner. Casimir at last drew near his sister, and began: Well Selima, I must do, I find, whatever you think proper; so I'll play with you at draughts, for half a dozen prunes a game.

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SELIMA,

But I've no prunes : and if I had, you know you owe me eight or ten already. You must pay me them, before I play again.

CASIMIR.

I ow'd them, I acknowledge, } yesterday ; but not to-day.

SELIMA.

And how, fir, have you clear'd yourself ? Pray tell me that.

CASIMIR.

Because you can have no demand upon me for the future, as Papa has made me my own master.

SELIMA.

Is it so ? I'll tell him how you'd cheat me,

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CASIMIR.

But Papa himself has no authority
at present over me.

SELIMA.

Then I'll not play at all.

CASIMIR.

With all my heart, you may or
may not.

Here a second sulky fit took place ;
and once more they withdrew into
their corners. Casimir began to whif-
le, Selima to hum a tune : the boy
would plait a whip and smack it, while
the girl bethought herself of entering
into conversation with her doll, and
dressing little madam. Casimir was
uttering every now and then within
himself, and Selima was sighing.

Thus they pouted till the clock

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struck once again ; they counted twelve, and dinner always was at two on table. Casimir in anger and vexation threw his whip that moment out of window. Selima let drop her doll. They ey'd each other, and knew neither of them what to say, till Selima broke silence, and began : Well Casimir, I'll be your horse.

CASIMIR.

Ah now I love you ! I've a good long cord will serve for bridle.— Look ye.—Put it in your mouth.

SELIMA,

No, brother ; not my mouth : you need but fasten it about my waist, or tie it round my arm.

CASIMIR.

Why, how you talk ? as if you

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ever saw a horse's bridle any where,
but with the bit between his teeth.

SELIMA.

But I am not a real horse.

CASIMIR.

You ought to make believe so, and
be bitted just as real horses are.

SELIMA.

I can't see any need of that.

CASIMIR.

I fancy you'll pretend to know as
much of horses as myself, that am so
often in the stable!—Come, come;
take it as you ought.

SELIMA.

You've been this week past drag-
ging it behind you through the mud,
and therefore I'll not put it in my

if you mouth.

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CASIMIR.

And I'll not have it else where, I assure you, though I should not play at all.

SELIMA.

Well ; just as you think proper.

And with this, the clock struck one so down they sat again ; more sulky this, than the preceding times. A little after, Casimir got up, went down into the garden for his whip, and having pick'd it up, return'd that he might make a noise and vex his sister, who by this, was at her harpsichord, and trying to go through the gamut, having just begun to learn he try'd to make a noise, but found the whip would not smack loud enough, while Selima could no how

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strike a note. Before, there needed only half an hour to reconcile themselves; but now, an hour was insufficient; for while Casimir was sighing and his sister crying, it struck two; and Mr. Freeman coming in that moment, wish'd to know if they should like to dine, but seeing them so melancholy, ask'd what ail'd them.

Nothing, said the children; and went after him into the dining room.

As it happen'd, there were many fishes brought that day to table, and as Casimir and Selima were not in any manner to be contradicted, and might like a little wine too, Mr. Freeman had been careful to provide accordingly.

My dears, had I, said he, the least

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degree of right to govern you, I would by no means suffer you to eat of different dishes, and particularly would forbid you any wine, at least without a deal of water in it, as I know how prejudicial wine and such rich sauces as you see at present upon table, are to children's tender stomachs. But you'll tell me you are not to be controul'd in future. I confess as much, and therefore, you may eat and drink whatever you approve of. This, the little children did not need to hear twice over: and accordingly, they swallow'd down great bits of meat, without a single crumb of bread, devour'd the sauce by spoonfuls at a gulp, and calling for the bottle, pour'd out bumpers of re-

THEIR OWN MASTERS. 39

port, which they forgot to mix with water.

But my dear, said Mrs. Freeman in a whisper to her husband, they will certainly be sick.

Indeed I fear so, answer'd he ; but think it better they should learn by sad experience how much, liberty hurts children, than by having too much care at present taken of their health, be robb'd of the instruction, such a lesson may procure them.

Mrs. Freeman saw the intention of her husband, and permitted her two hair-brain'd ones to satisfy their gluttony.

The cloth was now remov'd ; the children had their little bellies stretch'd

40 *THE CHILDREN*

like any drum, to which add also, that their heads began to turn.

Come Selima, said Casimir; and led his sister with him, from the dining room into the garden.

Mr. Freeman thought it was but prudent to go after them, and be upon the watch, in some convenient corner.

In the garden, at a distance from the house, there was a pond, and at the side thereof a little pleasure boat, which Casimir made up to, bidding Selima come after.

Selima however stopp'd him. Don't you know, said she, Papa forbids us to come near this pond?

Forbids us, answer'd Casimir? It seems then you forget, we never shall

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be contradicted or controul'd in future?

Ah, that's true, said Selima, held out her hand to Casimir, and both were in the boat that moment.

Mr. Freeman, upon this came nearer, but still kept himself conceal'd.

He knew the pond was very shallow. Should they tumble in, says he, I can, without much difficulty get them out again.

The children would have loos'd the boat, and got into the middle of the pond, but were unable to untie the cord that held it.

If we cannot have a swim, said Casimir, at least we'll play at *see-saw*, and

42 *THE CHILDREN*

stretch'd out his legs that he might place both feet upon the gunwale. Being got thus far, he sway'd himself from right to left, and back again, and work'd the boat about in such a manner, that the sides in turn dipp'd almost under water, in which fine employment, Selima assisted him as well as she was able.

I've already signified, their heads were somewhat out of order ; 'tis no way wonderful, they lost their footing. They catch'd hold that moment of each other, to preserve themselves from falling, but at once both plump'd together, down into the water.

Mr. Freeman at the instant sprang like lightning from his hiding

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place, and jump'd into the pond ; laid hold of both his children, stretching out a hand towards each, and brought them up into the house, half dead with terror.

They had swallowed down a deal of water, and were therefore seiz'd with vomitings before they could be both undress'd, and rubb'd all over. After they had vomited a little, they were put to bed, and fell into a species of convulsions, tho' not violent enough to cause alarm. They both complain'd they had the head and stomach ache. They fainted every now and then, and had repeated nauseas.

In this melancholy state, they pass'd the evening, and great part of the

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ucceeding night. When they were got a little better, they both fobb'd, and wept abundantly, till in the end they were entirely exhausted, and fell fast asleep.

Upon the morrow early, Mr. Freeman entered their apartment, and enquir'd how they had pass'd the night.

Not very well, said they, we could not for a long time fall asleep; and even now, our head and stomach pain us very much.

Poor children, answer'd Mr. Freeman, how I pity you! But added, to what use do you intend to put your liberty to day? for recollect you are still masters of yourselves.

Oh no, Papa, said they.

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But why? rejoin'd the father:
yesterday you were to be so happy,
having no one to controul you!

Yes, we thought we should have
been so, answered Casimir; but now,
repent, as we have suffered for our
folly.

And shall never be again so foolish,
added Selima.

MR. FREEMAN.

How's that? You won't then, any
longer, be your own directors?

CASIMIR.

No, no, dear Papa; 'tis you shall
tell us what we are to do in future.

SELIMA.

That will be a great deal better for
us both.

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MR. FREEMAN.

But think of what you say ; for if I take up my authority again, I give you notice, I shall order you a medicine you won't like.

CASIMIR.

No matter ; we are ready to take any thing you please.

MR. FREEMAN.

Well, here then, I've a yellow powder they call Rhubarb. Look. It's taste is not indeed so very pleasing ; but it's qualities are excellent, for those who feel their stomachs out of order. Since you say you're ready to take any thing I please, I bid you swallow down this powder instantly.

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CASIMIR.

Yes, yes, Papa.

SELIMA.

And willingly.

The rhubarb Mr. Freeman made up into pills, and held them out for Casimir and Selima to take. The children without making one wry face, obey'd, and swallow'd them, as if they wish'd to out-do one another in submission. They had happily their full effect, and both were quickly well.

Whenever in the sequel, they were threaten'd with a grievous punishment for any fault they might be tempted to commit, the never failing way was to inform them, they should have their li-

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erty, if they offended; for they dreaded such a menace, more than many would, if they were told they should be put in prison.

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T H E

B R A M B L E S.

IN a very pleasant evening of the month of May, a certain Mr. Palmer and his son, whose name was George, were out a walking, and sat down to rest themselves upon the summit of a hill, from whence the father pointed out to George's observation, the enchanting beauties of the country, while the setting sun appear'd to clothe them with a robe of purple. They were interrupted notwithstanding, in their

50 *THE BRAMBLES.*

contemplation, by the joyous whistle of a shepherd, who was leading home his flock from an adjoining meadow. They had got into a narrow passage, ~~enc~~ed on either side by brambles; and no sheep could pass them, but he left at least some little of his wool behind him.

George was very angry with these robbers. Look, Papa, see yonder how those wicked brambles steal away the wool from every sheep they can get hold of. I must say they don't take much, but why should they take any? Why did God create such odious things? or why don't men agree to pull them all at once up by the roots? If those poor sheep pass often thro' the lane, they must in time

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lose all the wool they have. But no; to-morrow, I'll get up by break of day, and coming hither with my pruning-knife—snack smooth!—cut up these gentry. You, I hope too, will come with me. If you bring your bill-hook, the affair will all be over before breakfast.

We'll consider of your project, answer'd Mr. Palmer; but perhaps you are unjustly angry with these gentry, as you call them. Only recollect what business constantly goes forward in the country here at Midsummer.

GEORGE.

What business, pray Papa?

Mr. PALMER.

I fancy you remember having seen

52 *THE BRAMBLES.*

Lord Worthy's shepherds take their monstrous scissars, and deprive the trembling sheep, not only of a little wool, which is the crime you lay to these poor brambles' charge, but likewise all their fleece?

GEORGE.

That's true, Papa, because you know we want it to make coats and waistcoats; but these brambles rob them out of malice, and without the least intention to make use of what they steal.

MR. PALMER.

You know not, George, but that they may employ, in some way or another, what they steal, as your expression is: but let us grant it useless to them.

THE BRAMBLES. 53

And I ask you, does our want of any thing entitle us to take it?

GEORGE.

I have often heard you say yourself, Papa, the sheep about that season, naturally lose their wool. And therefore is it not much better we should take it for our benefit, than let them lose it without benefit to any one?

Mr. PALMER.

You ask a very proper question. Nature has bestow'd on every creature its peculiar cloathing. We are on the other hand, compell'd to borrow ours, unless indeed, we would go naked, and endure the coldness of the air in winter.

GEORGE.

But, Papa, the bushes dont want

54 *THE BRAMBLES.*

cloathing; so you see, there can be no pretext to shew them any mercy; they must therefore be destroy'd, I say, to-morrow. You'll come with me: wont you?

Mr. PALMER.

I desire no greater pleasure: So that's settled. You must call me up in time.

Our George, who thought himself a perfect hero, in the expectation of destroying with his little arm this host of robbers, hardly slept all night, for contemplating on the conquest he should gain next morning. Scarcely had the music of the birds, that perch'd upon the trees about his window, publish'd the approach of day-light, but he wak'd his father. Mr. Palmer, on

THE BRAMBLES. 55

his side, but little taken up with thinking what destruction the poor brambles were to undergo, rejoic'd to have the opportunity of shewing George the beauties of the morning, and on that account, got up with great alacrity. They needed not much time to dress, took each their arms, and sallied out upon the expedition. George went first in triumph, and so nimbly, that his father found it difficult to follow him. When they were now got near the brambles, they beheld on every side a quantity of little birds, that flew in different directions, or else settled on the branches. Softly, said the father to his son: let us a little while suspend our vengeance, and not fright away these harmless little

56 *THE BRAMBLES.*

creatures, that are very busily employed at something. Let us once more gain our last night's situation on the hill, and we shall soon discover what they're doing. They accordingly went up, and looking, saw them carrying off those very tufts of wool the sheep had left behind them the preceding evening on the brambles. There were swarms of Linnets, Chaffinches and Nightingales, continually coming for the spoil.

What means all this? cried George, astonished at the prospect.

What, my son, said Mr. Palmer, but that Providence takes care of all its creatures, and provides them every necessary means of preservation! and
not

THE BRAMBLES. 57

not only *that*, but happiness? You see it in this instance. The poor birds are busied in obtaining here a substance wherewithal to line the habitation they are forming for their future little ones, and make them a soft bed, before they come into the world. Thus then, these honest brambles you were so unreasonably angry with last night, as you may now convince yourself, unite together the inhabitants of earth and air. They make the wealthy yield a portion of their superfluity in favour of the indigent. And will you now destroy them? Heaven forbid it! answer'd George. I cannot but approve of your reply, said Mr. Palmer:

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38 THE BRAMBLES.

let them thrive in peace, since they
convert their acquisitions to so gene-
rous a purpose.

GO UP, BALD HEAD!

THERE liv'd in London, not long since, a lunatic, call'd Joseph. When he walked along the streets, he never fail'd to have four, five or half-a-dozen wigs, pil'd one a-top of t'other on his head ! and very frequently, to keep his hands warm, as he said, as many muffs, one thrust into another. Tho' his mind was out of order, yet he was not mis-

60 *GO UP, BALD HEAD !*

chievous, and it was absolutely necessary to insult him very grievously, before he would do any harm. Whenever he walk'd out, a multitude of boys would issue from the houses, as he pass'd them, and pursuing him cry, Joseph ! Joseph ! how much will you sell a wig or muff for ? There were even some so very wicked, as to pelt him now and then with stones. Poor Joseph always bore these insults with the greatest patience, but at last, was so tormented as to fall into a grievous passion, and take up the mud, and even stones, to hurl them at the little blackguards.

Joseph, as it happen'd, was one day insulted close before the dwelling of a gentleman, whose name was Har-

GO UP, BALD HEAD! 61

rison ; and Mr. Harrison was standing at his window, as the mob went by. He saw with sorrow his own son among the number of poor Joseph's persecutors ; so shut down the window, and retir'd into a back apartment.

Dinner being ready, Mr. Harrison sat down with all his family to table. William, he began, directing his discourse to this same son, what man was that, I saw you in the morning running after, with a crowd of other boys, and shouting as you did ?

WILLIAM.

Papa, you know him, I believe : 'twas Joseph ; he they call a lunatic.

62 GO UP, BALD HEAD!

Mr. HARRISON.

Poor man! how happen'd he to lose his senses?

WILLIAM.

As I've heard, he went to law with his relations for a great estate they had before hand turn'd him out of; and that losing it, he was so griev'd that afterward he went beside himself.

Mr. HARRISON.

If you had known him at the time this great estate was taken from him, and if he himself had told you, weeping as he spoke—"Dear William, I am quite unhappy: my relations have depriv'd me of the fortune that supported me so comfortably hitherto, my money is all gone in law, and I

GO UP, BALD HEAD! 63

have now no habitation, nothing left
me to subsist on,"—Would you in
that case have ridicul'd him?

WILLIAM.

Heaven forbid it! who could be
so wicked as to laugh at an unhappy
man? I should have rather done my
utmost to console him.

Mr. HARRISON.

Well then; is he happier now
than then he was, since added to the
loss of all his fortune, he has lost his
senses?

WILLIAM.

No indeed; but on the other
hand, fir, more a great deal to be
dity'd.

E 4

84 GO UP, BALD HEAD?

Mr. HARRISON.

I am glad to hear you say thus much; and yet, this morning, you insulted an unhappy man, that, as you said just now, you would have done your utmost to console when he was less an object to be pity'd.

WILLIAM.

I've done very wrong, Papa: forgive me.

Mr. HARRISON.

I, for my part, am extremely willing to forgive you, on condition you repent: but my forgiveness, of itself, is not sufficient. There's another, whose forgiveness you should also ask for.

WILLIAM.

Joseph, I suppose you mean?

GO UP, BALD HEAD! 65

MR. HARRISON.

And why, pray, Joseph?

WILLIAM.

Haven't I offended Joseph?

MR. HARRISON.

Yes, and therefore, were he in possession of his understanding, I allow you ought to ask his pardon: but as certainly he would not comprehend your meaning, 'tis unnecessary to address yourself to him. However I believe, you are persuaded 'tis your duty to desire forgiveness of the person you've offended?

WILLIAM.

You have taught me so yourself.

MR. HARRISON.

And don't you know then, who has

66 *GO UP, BALD HEAD* !
bid us take compassion on the afflicted?
ed?

WILLIAM.

God.

MR. HARRISON.

And yet you did not take compassion on poor Joseph? On the other hand, you aggravated his misfortunes, by insulting him; and don't you think such conduct is offensive in the sight of God?

WILLIAM.

I know it is: and will intreat forgiveness of him, when I go to bed.

MR. HARRISON.

Remember, too, the story of the children in the bible, who were all devour'd by two she-bears, for only uttering the reproach of *Go up, bald*

GO UP, BALD HEAD! 67

head! to Elisha; and at night, when you make mention of your fault to God, be thankful you were not as sorely punish'd; not indeed by being eaten up, as they were, but by some other dreadful way, since God has many methods to avenge himself on those who ridicule the afflicted; since afflictions are from him, and sent for some good purpose or another.

William gave an ear to this advice; and in his prayers at night, requested God's forgiveness of his wickedness. So real was his sorrow, that not only did he let poor Joseph walk at peace himself, but also hinder'd many people from insulting him.

up, bald In spite however of his resolution,

68 *GO UP, BALD HEAD!*

so it chanc'd one day, that he had got again into the crowd of little wretches that were running after Joseph, to maltreat him. 'Twas indeed at first, no more than curiosity, that led him thither, and a wish of laughing, and that only, at the tricks they play'd him. Every now and then however, was he tempted to cry Joseph! Joseph! like the rest, and by degrees ran foremost of the band, till Joseph vexed beyond all patience at the shouts and insults of the vagabonds, turn'd round, and having pick'd up a great stone, that moment flung it right at William with such fury, that his nose was almost flatted to his face, and two of his front teeth beat out.

GO UP, BALD HEAD! 69

Poor William ran in doors, all over blood, and crying lamentably. Mr. Harrison, when made acquainted of it, told him he was justly punish'd for his wickedness ; but yet, had reason to rejoice, the punishment was not so dreadful as Elisha's little persecutors met with. But, said William, why have I alone been punish'd, when the rest of my companions did him real mischief, and have had no punishment ? Because, said Mr. Harrison, you knew much better what a sin you were committing ; and were therefore much more guilty. 'Tis indeed but common justice, that a

70 **GO UP, BALD HEAD!**

child, admonish'd of God's will be
fore hand, and his father's, should
be punish'd more than others, when
he disobeys it.



ill be
should
, when

**THE
LITTLE GLEANER.**

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. CLEMENTSON, *lord of a manor.*

PHILIP, } *his children.*
HONORIA, }

Mrs. PELHAM, *a decay'd widow.*

CORDELIA, *her daughter.*

HUBERT, *Mr. Clementson's bailiff.*

*The scene is in a new reap'd field, with
sheaves not carried in.*



THE
LITTLE GLEANER.

SCENE I.

CORDELIA (*with a basket, and loose ears of wheat thrust into it, going to sit down beside a sheaf.*)

COME, no bad beginning! How much pleasure will not this success afford my poor dear mother! (*She puts her basket on the ground*)
What a kind good-natur'd soul to fill

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74 *The* **LITTLE GLEANER.**

my basket thus ! I might have stroll'd
about the fields all day, and not pick'd
up the half. May Heaven reward
him for it ! Here's a few more ears.—
Though I should glean a single hand-
ful only, 'twill be so much gain'd.
*(She endeavours to press the wheat into
her basket)* O I can squeeze 'em in, I
fancy:—but why squeeze 'em in,
when I've my apron?—*(She prepares
to put the wheat into her apron, when
she hears a noise.)* But I see a man
that's coming. He seems angry ; yet
I don't know what I've done to be
afraid of. *(She takes her basket up, and
turns to go away).*

The **LITTLE GLEANER.** 75

HUBERT (*entering and laying hold of her.*)

What! and have I caught you
hen, you little thief?

CORDELIA.

I'm not a thief, sir; but an honest
tho' poor child.

HUBERT.

You honest! (*snatching suddenly
her basket*) what have you got here,
Miss Honesty?

CORDELIA.

You see yourself—a little corn.

HUBERT.

And I suppose, you'd have me
think, this corn grew here then?

CORDELIA.

If it did, I should not have occasion
to take so much trouble, as to go from

76 *The LITTLE GLEANER.*

field to field, and pick it up.

HUBERT.

You stole it then ?

CORDELIA.

Pray sir don't treat me so ; for I had rather die of hunger ; and my mother likewise, than do what you say.

HUBERT.

Why, what the plague ! it did not throw itself into your basket, did it then, you little vagabond ?

CORDELIA.

Oh dear ! don't frighten me, but hear what I've to say. I went a gleaning in the field, next yonder weathercock : a good old man on t'other side the hedge took notice of me, and I heard him say, Poor little

The **LITTLE GLEANER.** 77

child! what pains she takes to glean a little! I'll have pity on her. He was reaping, and had many sheaves about him, so he pull'd about a dozen handfuls out of one, and put them thro' the hedge into my basket, for we happened to be near a gap. Whatever we bestow upon the poor, said he, God gives us back again, and——

HUBERT.

Very well! I understand you. the old man in yonder field there, fill'd your basket with the wheat I found you stealing here.—You meant to tell me so, I fancy?

CORDELIA.

Go and ask the man himself: he'll tell you.

78 *The LITTLE GLEANER.*

HUBERT.

[I go ask the man!—when I surpris'd
you in the fact?

CORDELIA.

But when I tell you I've not touch'd
your sheaves, won't that content you?
The few ears I've in my apron, were
all loose upon the ground: I pick'd
them up, as I suppos'd I might:
however, if you're angry with me,
I'll return 'em.—There they are.

HUBERT.

No, no: these few here in your
apron shall remain with those you've
thrust into your basket:— and where
that is, you must likewise stay.—So
come along: the prison's not far
off.

The LITTLE GLEANER. 79

CORDELIA (*frighten'd.*)

The prison, my good gentleman!

HUBERT.

I thought so!—my good gentleman!
—I fancy I should be a better gentleman, if I would let you go: but come along: To prison! there you'll have a lodging till to-morrow.

CORDELIA.

For the love of Heaven, let me intreat you, Sir.—I took no more up here, than what I gave you back, and which was in my apron; I assure you, sir, 'tis true. What would my mother say, were she to find, I don't come home; and afterwards, be told I'm gone to prison?—It would break her heart.

30 *The* **LITTLE GLEANER.**

HUBERT.

A great misfortune, truly ! She would die then, and the parish be delivered of at least one burthen.

CORDELIA (*crying.*)

O, did you but know how good a mother she is to me, and how very poor we are, you would I'm sure, have pity on us.

HUBERT.

I'm not here to pity people. I am paid to seize and clap them into prison, when they come into my master's grounds.

CORDELIA.

But not, if they are innocent as I am.

The LITTLE GLEANER. 31

HUBERT.

Yes, yes, talk about your innocence! To come and steal a basket full of corn, and tell a hundred lies into the bargain! come I say! to prison with you!

CORDELIA (*falling on her knees.*)

Alas! my dear good Sir! have pity on me! take my basket if you please, altho' 'twill hardly make you richer; but pray let me go: if not for my sake, let my poor dear mother move you. I am all her consolation, all her succour.

HUBERT.

If I let you go, I tell you 'tis not for your mother's sake. I'd see her fifty thousand miles off first: 'tis only upon your account, because I own you r

82 *The* **LITTLE GLEANER.**

whimpering has a little mov'd me.
But don't think I'll give you up your
basket. I seize that for Justice. So
be gone ; for if the steward sees you,
as 'tis court day, he would fine you
handsomely, for only trespassing,
if even you had not robb'd us, or
commit you for non-payment, and
then fend you packing out of town.
(*he takes the basket on his shoulder, while
Cordelia still remains upon her knees.*)
Come, come, don't teaze me, or you'll
see what follows. (*going*) Only think !
if one were not at all times on the
watch, they'd steal away the very
ground we tread upon !

CORDELIA (*alone.*)

(*She sits and leans her head against*

The LITTLE GLEANER. 83

a sheaf, then rising looks about her.)

He's gone, the wicked man, and with him all my treasure. I have lost my corn, my basket, every thing; and who knows what besides will happen to my mother and myself?—*(after a pause.)* How happy sure these little birds are! they at least may come and take a grain or two for their support; while I—but very likely some ill-natur'd man like him that's just gone from me, may be watching with his gun to kill them.—So I'll frighten them away, and then be off myself; for possibly, they'll punish me for having lean'd my head against a sheaf. —But who are these two children, I observe approaching?

84 *The LITTLE GLEANER.*

S C E N E II.

CORDELIA, HONORIA, and PHILIP.

PHILIP.

IS it you then, little girl, the bailiff
just this moment, as he says, de-
tected at our sheaves?

(Cordelia cannot speak for sobbing.)

HONORIA *(aside to Philip.)*

She looks as if she were an honest
little girl.—She's crying, brother.—
Don't then mortify her any further
with your accusations. The few ears
of corn she took, are not worth speak-
ing of. *(approaching Cordelia)* Poor
child, what makes you cry?

The LITTLE GLEANER. 85

CORDELIA.

Because, I am accus'd of robbing you,
without the least foundation; & because,
perhaps, you likewise think me guilty.

PHILIP.

Are you not then guilty?

CORDELIA.

No: indeed you may believe me,
when I say so. I was gleaning in a
field down there. A charitable reaper
taking pity on me, fill'd my basket
full of corn. I came here afterwards
to pick a few loose ears up, I observ'd
upon the ground. Your naughty
bailiff coming up, would have it I had
rob'd his sheaves of what I had. He
took away my basket, and besides
could have imprison'd me, if by my
prayers and tears, and mentioning my

86 *The* **LITTLE GLEANER.**

mother, I had not prevail'd upon him in the end to let me go.

HONORIA.

I only wish, for my part, he had carried you to prison as you say he threatened. We've a good papa, who never suffers any of his servants to distress the poor, and would have instantly releas'd you.

PHILIP.

Yes indeed; and who will likewise now return your basket.

CORDELIA (*clearing up.*)

Do you think so really, my dear good gentleman?

HONORIA.

Yes, yes; my brother here and I will beg it of him, till he does.—So don't you be uneasy any longer. He

The LITTLE GLEANER. 87

is never so well pleas'd, as when we ask for any thing in favour of poor people ! and besides, without a word to him, we might recover you your basket.

CORDELIA.

Ah! my pretty little Miss, how happy you must be, in having need of no one's aid, and being capable yourself of aiding others !

PHILIP.

Are you very poor then, little girl ?

CORDELIA.

I cannot chuse but be so, coming here to get a bit of bread with so much trouble.

HONORIA.

What ! and did you come a glean-

88 *The LITTLE GLEANER.*

ing for a bit of bread? I thought you might have done it only to amuse yourself, by toasting what you got upon a red-hot shovel, and then eating it, as I and Philip sometimes do, when we are left alone.

CORDELIA.

O no indeed. My mother and myself design'd to rub the little corn I might have got, between our hands, till we had freed it from the husk, then grind it in a mortar, and make bread therewith to eat.

HONORIA.

But what you could have got, poor child, by such means, would have been a very little, and not lasted you, I fancy, long.

CORDELIA.

The **LITTLE GLEANER.** 89

CORDELIA.

And had it lasted us no longer than a day or two, it would have been a day or two still more my mother and myself, in that case, would have had to live.

PHILIP.

Well then, that you may have at least another day to live, I'll give you a new shilling, I have sav'd till now. Here take it, my poor child.

CORDELIA.

So much, my generous little gentleman! No, no, I must not take it.

HONORIA (*smiling.*)

So much, do you say? Take, take it. Had I but my purse, I'd give you more: but I'll reserve it for you.

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90 *The* **LITTLE GLEANER.**

PHILIP (*holding out the shilling once again.*)

Take it then. (*Cordelia takes the piece of money, and without replying grasps him by the hand.*) However, that's not all: I'll run and overtake the bailiff, and compel him to restore the basket: or if not——

CORDELIA.

No, no; don't give yourself that trouble for the present: if you promise I shall have it back to-morrow, or some other day, I'm happy.

HONORIA.

Tell me where you live.

CORDELIA.

Hard by, my little lady; there, a-cross the fields.

The **LITTLE GLEANER.** 91

PHILIP.

And yet we never saw you, tho' we constantly come home about this time, from school.

CORDELIA.

We've not been here above a week at most. Our lodging's at the house of one who has a great regard and friendship for my mother; and her name's Johanna.

HONORIA.

Old Johanna?

PHILIP.

Why, we know her very well: her husband was a weaver, who could get no work; and since he died, she often comes to rake our garden.

92 *The LITTLE GLEANER.*

HONORIA.

Will you take me to your mother's?

CORDELIA.

That would be too great an honour done her! A rich lady such as you—

HONORIA.

Fine talking! Our papa won't have us think we're better, in the least, than others; so, provided you've no better reason——

CORDELIA.

No indeed; for on the other hand you may assist me to console her for my loss; and then that wicked bailiff who has threaten'd me besides——

PHILIP.

Don't fear his threats: while you are going with my sister to your mother's,

The LITTLE GLEANER. 93

I'll run after him, and doubtless—
Do you purpose coming here again?

CORDELIA.

If you think proper, my dear little
fir.

PHILIP.

Your basket shall be here before
you.

CORDELIA.

Very probably, my mother too will
come and thank you.

HONORIA.

Well, let's lose no time; but go
and visit her.

*(She takes Cordelia by the hand, and
both withdraw.)*

94 *The* **LITTLE GLEANER.**

PHILIP (*alone.*)

How happy I am and my sister, in the circumstance of being under no necessity to go like this poor child, a gleaner for support! she talks indeed as if she had not been without some education; neither has she the appearance of our peasants' children. I shall make a point of getting back her basket.—Yes, that's certain; and if Hubert won't resign it, my Papa—— But don't I see him coming?—Yes; and Hubert with him. Good! the basket's likewise of the party.

S C E N E III.

PHILIP, Mr. CLEMENTSON, HUBERT.

PHILIP.

How extremely glad I am, my dear papa, to meet with you!—But let me have this basket, Mr. Hubert.

HUBERT.

Softly, softly, Sir; you'll break my arms else.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

What have you to do then with that basket?

PHILIP.

'Tis a charming little girl's, papa, from whom your wicked bailiff took

96 *The LITTLE GLEANER.*

it, with the corn, a reaper gave her in yon field.—I'll tell you every thing, Papa.

HUBERT.

So, so; I'm wicked then, for having done my duty, and not wink'd at such a little thief. Pray why, sir, does my master pay me wages?

Mr. CLEMENTSON (*to Hubert.*)

I have often told you to keep vagabonds from trespassing upon my grounds, and hurting my estate; and not to drag the honest poor to prison, who desire no more than some small share of my abundance, and the trifle that my reapers leave behind them, having carried in a plenteous harvest.

HUBERT.

In the first place, Sir, I don't for-

The LITTLE GLEANER. 97

bid them gleanings all they can, when once the harvest is got in; but while a single sheaf remains——

PHILIP.

Why don't you say too, while the fields lie fallow, or are cover'd over with a coat of snow? There's much indeed to be glean'd when once the harvest is got in!

HUBERT.

You understand but little of this business, Sir.—And in the next place who can answer they're not thieves?

PHILIP.

How, thieves! the little girl herself inform'd me she had scarcely glean'd a handful here. A reaper in yon field, she told me, fill'd her basket for her.

98 *The LITTLE GLEANER.*

HUBERT.

Good! she told you! just as if such people ever spoke a word of truth. I caught her at this very sheaf.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Undoing it?

HUBERT.

I don't say so exactly; but who knows what she had done before I came? And then, this story of the reaper that so charitably fill'd her basket—isn't it all false? I know our reapers well! they're very charitable truly!

PHILIP.

Well; and I'll maintain, the reaper fill'd it; for she said herself he did; and such an honest-looking girl would never tell a story.

The LITTLE GLEANER. 99

HUBERT.

And did *you*, sir, never tell a story ? notwithstanding which, we all think you a good young gentleman.

PHILIP.

See how this wicked Hubert treats me, Sir. (*To Hubert in a passion.*) No : if I told a story, I should be a bad young gentleman. But, on the other hand, I tell no story. No : nor did the little girl, and you alone are—

MR. CLEMENTSON.

Softly Philip ; hitherto, I like your manner of defending this same child : but still one should consider all men honest, till we find they are not ; and behave with temper, notwithstanding others may not think as we do ; trying to convince and bring

100 *The LITTLE GLEANER.*

them over to a better judgment by the greatest gentleness and moderation.

HUBERT.

No, no fir, 'tis better we should fancy all men rogues, till we have gain'd some knowledge of them. If I see a bull come running towards me, I'll be wise, suppose him mischievous, and get away. He may not possibly be so; but by suspecting him, I run no risque. The safest way is always best.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

If all men, Hubert, thought as you do, whom could we confide in? And between yourself and me, what would have been the issue, if instead of giving you employment, and providing for

The LITTLE GLEANER. 101

a brave old soldier, I had fancied you
a rogue and vagabond,

HUBERT.

That's true, indeed : but then, 'tis
likewise true sir, I'm an honest man.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

I keep you in my service for no
other reason than because I think you
honest : but at first, I was oblig'd to
give your countenance and conversa-
tion credit for your honesty. They
were your only recommenders,

PHILIP.

O, Papa, if you rely on countenance
and conversation, you'll believe my
little girl's much more than Hubert's.

HUBERT.

Mighty fine ! Pray look, sir in
my face ; for surely your Papa will

think mine full as creditable as your little girl's.

PHILIP.

Yes truly, it becomes a bear like you—

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Fie Philip!—Hubert, do you know this little child?

HUBERT.

I know her, and yet don't. I know her mother and herself have been among us only some few days: but how, or why they came, the steward only knows. If I may be so bold, 'tis very wrong to let such vagrants settle with us, as at last the parish must support them.

The LITTLE GLEANER. 103

PHILIP.

No : for I'll do that, and not the parish.

HUBERT.

You'll support them ! What ! you have more money Sir than you can manage !

PHILIP.

If I have not, my Papa has.

HUBERT.

In the mean time, Sir, you can't en a- imagine how the overseers and church- : but ardens murmur ! But when such as eward re in office have their palms well bold, as'd (*he counts into his hand*) — grants I suppose the steward—

PHILIP.

See Papa, if he's not going to abuse e steward ; but I'll tell him.

Mr. CLEMENTSON,

Softly Philip, once more. Hubert, 'tis impossible I see to obviate your suspicions; so on my part, I have my suspicions likewise. You assert, this child we speak of stole the corn, because you found her near a sheaf: then also, you assert the steward has been brib'd, because he suffers a poor woman and her child to live among us. What prevents me therefore from asserting, you detain'd her basket for no other reason than because she did not give you something to buy liquor, which if she had done, you would have let her steal as long as she thought proper.

HUBERT.

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HUBERT.

What fir ! can you possibly suppose
me——

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

So dishonest, you would say ? but
pray, why am not I at liberty to think
of you, as you of others ?

HUBERT.

Well fir ; I see clearly, I had best
be silent : and in future tho' the beg-
gars should proceed to take away your
very fields and meadows on their
shoulders—Must I take this basket
to the steward ?

PHILIP.

Oh no, no, Papa ; let me intreat
you.

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MR. CLEMENTSON.

Hubert, you shall leave it where the poor child lives, and make the best excuse you're able to her mother.

HUBERT.

Make her an excuse! and why Sir?

PHILIP.

Why! for having us'd her like a chief.

HUBERT.

If she has no excuses but from me, sir, and no other basket——

MR. CLEMENTSON.

Hubert, had I injur'd—as for instance, you, I'd make you full amends if I were only able: and to prove would, I'll go myself; I'll take the

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basket and apologize for your too
hasty conduct.

HUBERT.

In that case, I fancy, Master Philip,
you had better take the basket.

PHILIP.

That I will, with all my heart ; but
now I think again Papa, the little
girl intends returning quickly with
Honorina, who is gone to see her mo-
ther. So we'll wait if you think
proper.

HUBERT.

I have nothing further to detain
me here then. (*He withdraws mutter-*
ing.) I see plainly such a crowd of
beggars as must very quickly overflow
the village, will soon make us beggars
also.

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PHILIP.

Did you hear him, sir?

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Yes Philip, and can easily forgive his peevish temper.

PHILIP.

But papa, why have to do with such a wicked fellow, any longer?

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

You mistake him : he's not wicked. 'Tis his zeal, upon the other hand, to serve me faithfully misleads him. He's extremely careful of my property, and scrupulously does his duty,

PHILIP.

But papa, if he's unjust to others?

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

That he does not mean to be. His only fault is this ; that he complies

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too literally with the orders he receives, and has too little penetration to distinguish circumstances.

PHILIP.

Pray explain your meaning, sir.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

With all my heart. When I engaged him first, I told him he must keep the vagabonds from trespassing upon my grounds, by taking them before the magistrate. This order could be only for those wretches who subsist on theft.

PHILIP.

I understand you sir ; and he puts down, as thieves, all those that live on charity, without enquiring whether age or sickness, or misfortunes

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have reduc'd them to a needy situation.

MR. CLEMENTSON.

Right ; for circumstances change the property of things. As for example ; you reflected not sufficiently in your dispute with Hubert. How can you be sure the mother of this child is honest ? or pretend to say the child herself has told the truth, and in reality not stole my corn ?

PHILIP.

Impossible.

MR. CLEMENTSON.

Impossible ! and why ? Have you enquir'd then, who she is ? and who her mother is ? and what has brought them hither ?

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PHILIP.

Ah papa! if you had only seen her! only heard her! only mark'd her voice, her tears, her figure! she's so poor! would you believe it? she came here to glean, though it were only a few ears of corn, that she might make herself a little bread! Had I occasion to know any more? And should I let a famish'd creature die with hunger, for no other reason than because I'm not yet certain whether she deserves my pity?

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Generously argu'd! Cherish these exalted notions in your bosom for the poor, and God will bless you for it, as he has done me already, namely,

by implanting them so early in you. Clemency is always preferable to severity. Insensibility produces nothing but injustice; and if they who ask our succour, are unworthy of it, that is not our fault, but theirs.

PHILIP.

But sure, papa, 'tis hardly prudent to give those resembling Hubert an employ in which they may be guilt of injustice?

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

You would reason very properly, if Hubert had authority to punish any one. At most, he only can commit an injury whose effects must soon be over, and this inconvenience is inevitable. —

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PHILIP.

Ah, here comes my sister and the little girl.

SCENE IV.

PHILIP, Mr. CLEMENTSON, HONORIA, CORDELIA.

PHILIP (*running to Cordelia with her basket.*)

HERE, my child, I've got you back your basket, with the corn too, in it. I don't think there wants a single stalk.

CORDELIA.

O my dear dear basket ! How I'm bound to thank you, my good little

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Mr. But, (*observing Mr. Clementson.*) who's that gentleman?

HONORIA (*running to her father.*)

Our good papa.

PHILIP (*to Cordelia.*)

Yes, our good one, I assure you; so you've nothing now to fear. Come, I'll present you to him. He has rated Hubert very handsomely for what he did.

Mr. CLEMENTSON (*aside.*)

Philip's in the right. One cannot doubt her innocence. And then too, that becoming air announces she has had some education.

CORDELIA (*whispering to the children.*)

Have I anger'd your papa? He's talking to himself!

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Mr. CLEMENTSON (*having overheard her.*)

No, no, my lovely girl : for if my children have behav'd with any kindness to you, they have done no more than what you seem to merit.

HONORIA.

And *do* merit, in reality.—I wish, papa, you had but seen her mother !

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Who then is your mother ? why is she come here ? and how do you both live ?

CORDELIA.

We live—Oh Heavens ! I can't tell how we live ! on very little ! hardly any thing. We pass the day and sometimes night in spinning, or at plain work for a bit of bread. The

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good old woman, living there, in yon' white cottage, boards us, having known my mother many years ago. They sent me out this morning with my basket here to glean. Alas! I've made a very bad beginning!

PHILIP (*aside to Cordelia.*)

Not so bad, perhaps, as you may fancy. We'll prevail on our papa to give you for the future, all the corn you want, instead of gleaning for a handful only.

MR. CLEMENTSON.

But pray tell me, my good child, where did you live before?

CORDELIA.

We liv'd fir, at a place call'd Barnet, many miles from hence. Provisions were so dear, we could not stay

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there any longer. So the good Johanna got my mother to come here, and promis'd she should have a room for nothing.

Mr. CLEMENTSON (*aside.*)

If so poor a woman as Johanna can be charitable, what is not our duty? But your father, (*to Cordelia*) what's his business? Is he living?

PHILIP.

I'd lay any wager, sister, he's no peasant.

HONORIA.

So would I too; and particularly since I've seen her mother.

CORDELIA (*embarrass'd.*)

Did you ask about my father, sir? I've none. I never had one.

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He was dead before——I wish I had one !

MR. CLEMENTSON.

Don't you know then what he was ?

CORDELIA.

My mother does, sir, and will tell you.

MR. CLEMENTSON.

May I see her ?

HONORIA.

Yes, papa : she'll follow us immediately. She only stays to put her things on.

MR. CLEMENTSON.

And who brought you up ?

CORDELIA.

She only. She has taught me to read, write, and cast accounts. And now, I'm drawing.

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Mr. CLEMENTSON (*aside.*)

Drawing! I can doubt no longer.
She's the child of some one, by mis-
fortunes brought to poverty.

HONORIA.

O! here her mother comes, papa.

PHILIP.

Is that her mother?

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

I am anxious to know every thing.
This child brings back to my remem-
brance, features I have seen before;
but where, I cannot recollect at pre-
sent.

SCENE V.

PHILIP, Mr. CLEMENTSON, HONORIA,
CORDELIA, Mrs. PELHAM.

CORDELIA (*running to her mother, who appears embarrass'd at the sight of Mr. Clementson.*)

COME, mama ; fear nothing now. That gentleman's the father of the lady and her brother, that have shown us so much kindness ; and he's full as good as they are.

(*Mrs. Pelham coming forward with reluctance, Honoria takes her by the hand to introduce her.*)

HONORIA.

O! we've told him every thing.

Mrs. PELHAM.

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Mrs. PELHAM.

I dare then think you don't suspect, sir, my Cordelia?

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Madam, one but needs to see your daughter and yourself, if one would form the best opinion of you possible.

PHILIP.

Papa, her name's Cordelia. O, one may, at once, discern she was not born to glean.

Mrs. PELHAM.

Necessity imposes sometimes very hard conditions; but provided one is not dishonest——

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Then one need not be ashamed of poverty. It may be the ally of every

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virtue. But your pardon, madam, if I ask you who you are.

HONORIA.

Her name, papa, is Mrs. Bellamy.

Mrs. PELHAM.

I think I should do wrong on this occasion to withhold my real name. I am necessitated to reveal it, that my present humble situation in the world may be accounted for. And yet, I wish sir, (*looking at the children*) this disclosure might be made in private. Not that I have cause to blush at my inferiority; but if my real name were known, I fear I might, among the lower class of people, meet with some, who would perhaps rejoice to mortify me, since it often happens we ourselves do not behave more generously

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with respect to them, when in prosperity.

PHILIP.

You need not be afraid of me : I will not listen.

HONORIA.

And for my part, I'll not speak a word I hear, whoever you may be ; and, what's still more, Cordelia and myself will always be the best of friends.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Believe me, madam, I would not have put so rude a question to you, if I had not a particular and urgent reason for my curiosity ; and were not really dispos'd to make you some degree of compensation for the wrong

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you may have suffered at the hand of fortune.

Mrs. PELHAM.

I am come, sir, of a very reputable but not wealthy family. I pass'd my earliest youth at London, as companion to a lady of condition. Eight years since, I got acquainted with a gentleman of merit, Mr. Pelham, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the horse, who came to pass a month or six weeks with us.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Pelham! Pelham!

Mrs. PELHAM.

He conceiv'd a liking for me; and on my side, I must say his virtue gain'd my approbation. We were married privately, and six weeks afterward

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retir'd into a country village, where we liv'd in private, till such time as Mr. Pelham's father, by the intercession of some friends, should be persuaded to a reconciliation with him.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Yes, 'tis he! I trace too all his features in this child.

Mrs. PELHAM.

What, sir?

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

At present ask me nothing; but continue, I beseech you.

Mrs. PELHAM.

I shall be as brief as possible. For some short time in our retirement, we enjoy'd the happiness of those who love each other with unfeign'd affection; but

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alas, the toils of war had so unsettled Mr. Pelham's health, that shortly after, he fell ill, and did not live a fortnight.
(*She sheds tears.*)

HONORIA (*to Cordelia.*)

Poor Cordelia ! you were left without a father very young.

CORDELIA.

Yes yes, before I came into the world.

Mrs. PELHAM.

He left me some time gone with this poor child. I brought her forth in sorrow. Mr. Pelham's father, who would never see his son while living, was not likely afterward to pardon his clandestine marriage : I had friends who undertook to soften him, but all their generous labours

prov'd abortive. He would never look upon me, or regard his grand-child. I was fatally advis'd to sell my pension, as my friends assur'd me Mr. Pelham's sternness would at last be wrought on. I am sure they thought so, but were all mistaken. What my pension sold for, serv'd for my subsistence some few years, in all which time, I kept my hopes up of at last receiving some assistance; but when finally, I found them disappointed, I resolv'd on coming back to London, and solicit succour from the lady I had liv'd with. I arriv'd; but learnt she had been some time dead. The only means now left me for subsistence was, the labour of my

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hands. I went to Barnet, where I was unknown, and having been a month there, met by great good fortune with an ancient woman, I had known before, and who is now residing in this village.

HONORIA.

Yes, papa, she means Johanna.

Mrs. PELHAM.

She had been herself a servant to my mistress: Being ill, I had assisted her as well as I was able, and her gratitude remember'd it. I let her know my situation. She persuaded me to come and lodge with her, where living was much cheaper than at Barnet, and she gives me an apartment gratis. 'Tis to her I am indebted for such generous hospitality; and as she is

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without a friend to close her eyes, she promises she'll give me all the little property she dies possess'd of. This—

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Enough enough. This generous woman shall not go beyond my gratitude ; and I'm exceedingly rejoic'd, I have it in my power to pay a debt I formerly contracted with your worthy husband.

Mrs. PELHAM.

How fir ! is it possible, you should have known him !

PHILIP.

Known Cordelia's father !

HONORIA.

O my dear Cordelia ! we shall have you with us, I see plainly.—But how's this ! You're crying !

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CORDELIA.

Don't however pity me ; for they
are tears of pleasure.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

'Tis to him I owe my life. What
happinefs for me, that I can testify
my gratitude for fuch an obligation,
to his child and widow ! You fhall
hear the whole. I ferv'd laft war in
Germany, in Colonel Pelham's troop.
We had a skirmish with the enemy,
and being wearied out, I was unable
to defend myfelf againft a trooper,
whole broad fword was actually lifted
up to bring me to the ground, when
Colonel Pelham ruft'd between us and
preferv'd me.

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Mrs. PELHAM.

Is this true! but why should it be false? He was as brave as generous.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Some days after, I was order'd out with a detachment, on a dangerous enterprize. We, were furrounded and compell'd to yield. I lost my baggage, cloaths, and money. Colonel Pelham was inform'd of my misfortune, and contriv'd to get me recommended to the General of the enemy: in consequence of which, I was so happy as to have whatever succour I could reasonably hope for, while I languish'd with a dreadful wound, from which I was not for a twelve-month perfectly recovered; when returning back to England, I had only time to

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to thank him for his generous friendship, being ordered to embark immediately for India. Marrying there, I left the service, and return'd soon after to my native country, where I had no sooner landed, than I thought of flying to my benefactor, and preserver; but was told, as you have mention'd, of his death. Alas! I little thought he could have left a wife and child in such a state as yours!

Mrs. PELHAM.

Oh Heaven! Oh Heaven! by what strange means has not thy goodness brought me hither?

PHILIP (*to Cordelia.*)

What! and did your father then save our's?

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HONORIA.

How much we ought to love you!

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Come then! my Cordelia: you shall find in me the father, Providence has taken from you. And besides, my children need a second mother to supply that dear one they have lost. The education, Madam, you have given your lovely child convinces me of your capacity to undertake a charge of such importance. I'll immediately take every necessary step, that for the time to come, you may not fear another change of fortune. Yes, (*to Cordelia*) dear little girl, I'll look upon you as my child. You are the living image of your worthy father, and as

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worthy of my love as he was of my gratitude.

Mrs. PELHAM.

How can I possibly reply to so much unexpected goodness? I have only tears, sir, to express my notions of your bounty.

HONORIA (to Mrs. Pelham.)

O, my new Mama! You'll then be always with us, will you? and Cordelia likewise? You shall see with how much pleasure we'll obey you.

PHILIP.

Yes, yes, always: and Cordelia too shall be my second sister. She'll no more go out a gleanng. And for Hubert;—when he comes into my

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way, I'll call him ideot, and laugh at him.

Mrs. PELHAM.

My dear little company, with how much pleasure you inspire me! and instead of *one*, I've now *three* children. Never was there yet a mother who shall go beyond my zeal and tenderness. But let me go, Sir, and inform my good old friend Johanna of my fortune. She'll rejoice as much as I do.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Nothing is more reasonable. Go when Madam instantly, while I at home give orders to prepare you an apartment.

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HONORIA.

Let me go too with Cordelia and my new Mama.

PHILIP.

And me too: I would fain be of the party.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Please yourselves entirely. You shall bring back Mrs. Pelham and Cordelia, not forgetting good Johanna who must also come to dinner with us.

PHILIP (*to Cordelia, who takes up the basket.*)

No, Cordelia, this is not an office now fit for you. Leave the basket here a little.

CORDELIA

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CORDELIA.

Not for all the world, would I give
up this basket now. I owe it all my
happiness, and so too does my mother.
No, my dear sweet basket! never will
I blush to own you.

HONORIA.

Take at least the corn out. 'Twill
be then much lighter.

CORDELIA.

No: nor that. The corn is mine;
or it was given me, whatever on the
other hand your bailiff may think fit
to say. I'll make a present of it to
Phanna.

Mr. CLEMENTSON.

Do, my dear, and tell her I'll re-
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member her not only this, but every
future harvest.

Mrs. PELHAM.

May God's goodness recompence
your generosity for ever in your chil-
dren.

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